THE WORLD.

NUMBER XC.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *September* the 19th, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-ſtudent of mine at the univerſity called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Sympoſion. I laid down my book to receive him, which after the firſt uſual compliments, he took up ſaying, "You will give me leave to "ſee what was the object of your ſtudies." "Nothing "leſs than the divine Plato, ſaid I, that amable philo- "ſopher—" with whom (interrupted my friend) Cicero "declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in "the right with any other." "I cannot, replied I, carry "my veneration for him to that degree of enthuſiaſm; "but yet wherever I do underſtand him (for I confeſs "I do not every where) I prefer him to all the ancient "philoſophers. His Sympoſion more particularly en- "gages and entertains me, as I ſee there the manners "and characters of the moſt eminent men of the poli- "teſt time, of the politeſt city of Greece. And, with all "due reſpect to the moderns, I much queſtion whether "an account of a modern Sympoſion, though written by

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" the ableſt hand, could be read with ſo much pleaſure " or improvement." " I do not know that (replied my " friend) for though I revere the ancients as much as " you poſſibly can, and look upon the moderns as pig- " mies, when compared to thoſe giants; yet, if we " come up to, or near them in any thing, it is in the " elegancy and delicacy of our convivial intercourſe."

I WAS the more ſurpriſed at this doubt of my friend's, becauſe I knew that he implicitly ſubſcribed to, and ſuperſtitiouſly maintained, all the articles of the claſſical faith. I therefore aſked him, whether he was ſerious? He anſwered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato ſpun out that ſilly affair of love, too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I ſhould at leaſt entertain the ſame doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kind offer, but added that in whatever ſociety he was an unworthy member, I ſhould be ſtill a more unworthy gueſt. That moreover my retired and domeſtic turn of life was as inconſiſtent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity among ſtrangers would be miſplaced in the midſt of all that feſtal mirth and gaiety. " You miſtake me (anſwered my friend) every mem- " ber of our club has the privilege of bringing one " friend along with him, who is by no means thereby " engaged to become a member of it: and as for your " taciturnity, we have ſome ſilent members who, by the " way, are none of our worſt. Silent people never " ſpoil company, but on the contrary, by being " good hearers encourage good ſpeakers." " But I have " another difficulty (anſwered I) and That I doubt a " very ſolid one, which is, that I drink nothing but " water." " So much the worſe for You (replied my " friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle moſt acade- " mically) you will pay for the claret you do not drink. " We uſe no compulſion; every one drinks as little as

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" he pleaſes—" " Which I preſume (interrupted I) is as " much as he can." " That is, juſt as it happens, ſaid " he; ſometimes, it is true, we make pretty good ſittings; " but for my own part, I chuſe to go home always be- " fore eleven: for take my word for it, it is the ſitting " up late, and not the drink, that deſtroys the conſtitu- " tion." As I found that my friend would have taken a refuſal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club; but deſired him to give me previouſly the outlines of the characters of the ſitting members, that I might know how to behave myſelf properly. " Your precaution (ſaid he) is a " prudent one, and I will make you ſo well acquainted " with them beforehand, that you ſhall not ſeem a " ſtranger when among them. You muſt know then, " that our club conſiſts of at leaſt forty members, when " complete. Of theſe many are now in the country, " and beſides, we have ſome vacancies which cannot be " filled up till next winter. Palſies and apoplexies have " of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, " and carried off a good many. It is not above a week " ago, that poor Tom Toaſtwell fell on a ſudden un- " der the table, as we thought only a little in drink, " but he was carried home and never ſpoke more. " Thoſe whom you will probably meet with to-day are " lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable ſenſe, a true " fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty " claſſic. He has lived rather faſt formerly, and im- " paired his conſtitution by ſitting up late and drinking " your thin ſharp wines. He is ſtill what you call " nervous, which makes him a little low-ſpirited and " reſerved at firſt; but he grows very affable and chear- " ful as ſoon as he has warmed his ſtomach with about " a bottle of good claret.

" Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country " baronet of a good eſtate, and before-hand in the world; " till being twice choſen knight of the ſhire, and having

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" in conſequence got a pretty employment at court, he " run out conſiderably. He has left off houſe-keeping, " and is now upon a retrieving ſcheme. He is the hearti- " eſt honeſteſt fellow living; and though he is a man of " very few words, I can aſſure you he does not want " ſenſe. He had an univerſity education, and has a good " notion of the claſſics. The poor man is confined " half the year at leaſt with the gout, and has beſides an " inveterate ſcurvy, which I cannot account for: no " man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but " plain meat, and very little of that: he drinks no thin " wines, and never ſits up late; for he has his full doſe " by eleven.

" COLONEL Culverin is a brave old experienced offi- " cer though but a lieutenant colonel of foot. Between " you and me, he has had great injuſtice done him, " and is now commanded by many who were not born " when he came firſt into the army. He has ſerved " in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibralter; and would have " been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regi- " ment been ordered there. It is a pleaſure to hear " him talk of war. He is the beſt natured man alive, " but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to " be in a paſſion; but that is ſoon over, and then he is " ſorry for it. I fear he is dropſical, which I impute to " his drinking your champains and burgundies. He got " that ill habit abroad.

" SIR George Plyant is well born, has a genteel for- " tune, keeps the very beſt company, and is to be ſure " one of the beſt bred men alive: he is ſo good natured, " that he ſeems to have no will of his own. He will " drink as little or as much as you pleaſe, and no mat- " ter of what. He has been a mighty man with the " ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip ſtill. " He is our news-monger; for being a gentleman of the " privy-chamber, he goes to court every day, and con- " ſequently knows pretty well what's going forward

" there.

" there. Poor gentleman! I fear we ſhall not keep him " long; for he ſeems far gone in a conſumption, though " the doctors ſay it is only a nervous atrophy.

" WILL Sitfaſt is the beſt natured fellow living, and " an excellent companion, though he ſeldom ſpeaks; but " he is no flincher, and ſits every man's hand out at the " club. He is a very good ſcholar, and can write very " pretty latin verſes. I doubt he is in a declining way; " for a paralitical ſtroke has lately twitched up one ſide " of his mouth ſo, that he is now obliged to take his " wine diagonally. However he keeps up his ſpirits " bravely, and never ſhams his glaſs.

" DOCTOR Carbuncle is an honeſt, jolly, merry par- " ſon, well affected to the government, and much of a " gentleman. He is the life of our club, inſtead of being " the leaſt reſtraint upon it. He is an admirable ſcholar, " and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know " he has him always in his pocket. His red face, in- " flamed noſe, and ſwelled legs, make him generally " thought a hard drinker by thoſe who do not know " him; but I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that I never " ſaw him diſguiſed with liquor in my life. It is true, " he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, " which makes the colonel call him pleaſantly enough, " a veſſel of election.

" THE laſt and leaſt (concluded my friend) is your " humble ſervant, ſuch as I am; and if you pleaſe we " will go and walk in the park till dinner time." I agreed and we ſet out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I ſhould let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the ſame year of St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had juſt got a fellowſhip in the college, when his elder brother dying, he ſucceeded to an eaſy fortune, and reſolved to make himſelf eaſy with it, that is to do nothing. As he had reſided long in college, he had contracted all

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